

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, August 8, 1801.

EDWARD WALWIN.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[Written by a Young Gentleman of Philadelphia.]

(CONTINUED.)

IN the morning the robbers started very early. As soon as they had left the house, EDWARD arose, repaired to some of the neighbouring gentlemen, and informed them of the robbers, and the words that he had overheard, with his thoughts concerning their meaning. A party of men was soon collected, and a justice accompanied them to the little house in the wood. As the party approached, Edward saw the old man leading a horse into the stable, which he recollected to be one he had seen in the morning belonging to the robbers, from which they concluded themselves sure of their prey. The party entered, and while some searched and guarded the lower part of the house, Edward, accompanied by several others, went up stairs, and entered the closet, near the door of which he remembered the terrific apparition had vanished. Upon searching this closet, a trap-door was discovered, which, from being of equal breadth with the floor, had hitherto escaped observation; it was opened, and a small staircase perceived. One of the company began to descend, but being involved in darkness, he called for a light, which was brought; and having arrived at the bottom of the stairs, found himself at the entrance of a small apartment. At this instant two pistols were discharged, upon which the rest of the company rushed down; but happily the robbers both missed their aim; and were

quickly discovered in one corner, so overcome with terror, that they were secured without difficulty. This apartment contained the riches they had amassed during a course of two years of successful villainy. A part of the company being left to guard the house, the remainder conducted the two villains, with their accomplices, to the county jail, in order to stand their trials.

The appearance of the figure to Mr. Norton and Edward on a former occasion, and its suddenly vanishing on hearing the approach of the horsemen, was now fully explained by the circumstance of the closet; and Edward rejoiced in being the means of bringing to justice these two villains and their coadjutors, who had spread terror through the neighbourhood for such a length of time. Having accomplished this business, our travellers prosecuted their journey, conversing of the strange occurrences that had lately befallen them. But Edward, whose mind reverted to his beloved Mary, like the needle to the pole, soon fell into a reverie respecting the object of his affections—When he considered his long confinement, and the probability of her believing him dead, fear and sorrow filled his heart, lest these circumstances might have induced her to bestow herself upon some worthy youth, and so put an end to all his prospects of happiness in this life. His mind was occupied with these reflections for most part of the journey; and as he drew near to Mr. Bolton's, these agitations increased; his very heart sickened at his own ideas—"Yet," cried he, "what am I but a beggar! never let me degrade her by an alliance with the child of indigence and misfortune."

The third evening they reached Mr. Bolton's house, and met that gentleman at the door. On seeing Edward he started

with surprise, as though he had beheld an apparition; but recovering himself, he gave him a hearty welcome, exclaiming at the same time, "By what miracle are you restored to the land of the living?" "I have never yet left it, Sir, (said Edward,) although I have long been detained in captivity by a scoundrel." As he spoke he looked round with an enquiring eye, yet he beheld not Mary; his suspicions were confirmed, and he trembled in every limb. Mr. Bolton translating his looks, immediately relieved him of his fears, and related what had happened since his disappearance, with Mary's present illness; frankly declaring his firm resolution of uniting them together, should she recover—"And I have no doubt, (continued he,) but that your presence will perform the cure." While Mr. Bolton was speaking, Edward, by turns, was filled with rapture, and possessed by grief; joy thrilled through his veins that he was to be united to the object of his love, when he had almost despaired of it; and sorrow checked his sensations, when he viewed her languishing on a sick-bed. He was unable to express his thanks by words; but Mr. Bolton needed them not; he could easily discover the emotions of his heart by his countenance.

It was deemed improper to inform Mary of Edward's arrival that evening, and her father undertook to prepare her next morning for receiving the intelligence. Edward retired to bed,—but not to sleep. He passed the first part of the night in reflections on the past, and pleasing anticipations of the future,—when, about midnight, he thought he heard a faint shriek; his busy imagination brought Mary to his mind, and he rose hastily, and drew on some clothes. A few minutes after he again fancied he heard the same sound, which seemed like that of a person, whose breathing is stop-

ped, attempting to cry out: he opened the door of his chamber to distinguish from whence the sounds proceeded, when a person passed through the entry, and on Edward's asking "Who's there?" he was answered in a voice of hesitation, "Me, Sir," "Who are you, and what are you doing here at this unseasonable hour?" "Why, Sir, I thought as how some thieves had broke into the house, and I was going to see; my name is Robert, Sir." Just then a shriek, audible and distinct, echoed along the passage, and Edward rushed forward towards the chamber from whence it proceeded; he heard it again, and recognized Mary's voice, at whose chamber door he was now arrived. The door was locked; he attempted to break it open, but found himself unable. At this instant he heard a bustling within, and something fell heavily on the floor: he redoubled his exertions to break open the door, but his endeavours were fruitless. The family were by this time alarmed; Mr. Bolton and some servants joined Edward, and the door yielded to their united efforts. On entering, they could just distinguish the form of Mary extended on the floor: a light was called for.—Instantly the sound of a gun was heard.—"Heavens! (exclaimed Edward, as he assisted Mr. Bolton to raise Mary from the floor,) what is the meaning of all this." "It is a mystery to me," replied Mr. Bolton. The candle was now brought, and Mary was perceived to be in a swoon. While the proper means were using for her recovery, Mr. Bolton enquired the reason of this uproar, but none of the servants were able to satisfy him: when the coachman entered, crying, "I have shot one of the villains; he lies dead in the yard." The male servants then retired, and Mary opening her eyes, fixed them on Edward's, who hung over her in silent solicitude, and uttering a scream of terror, she relapsed into her former situation. Mr. Bolton begged Edward to retire, which he did. When Mary again recovered, she exclaimed, "Oh, tell me, my dear father, did I see the ghost of Edward?" This was spoken with an air of wildness, that alarmed Mr. Bolton excessively: he replied, "Compose yourself, my love, you did not see his ghost." "Ah, said she, "my imagination often brings him before me! Oh! my Edward, death will soon unite us!" "Do not talk thus wildly," said her father, "heaven has happiness in store for you, my child." "Ah, no," cried she; "Edward is dead, and I am wretched for ever." "Perhaps," said Mr. Bolton—"Perhaps what?" cried the almost frantic girl, raising herself in the

bed, "no, I never can taste happiness below, unless he should be raised from the dead."—"Perhaps," said he again, "heaven in pity to your sufferings may raise him from the dead—But why will you abandon yourself to grief; why wound the peace of an affectionate parent." "Father, my dear father!" said she, in a more composed tone of voice, "I feel that I must die! I should die in peace could I be certain of meeting Edward in happiness." "Live, my daughter, you shall see him, you shall see him in this world." Turning up her eyes at her father, she said in a very serious tone of voice, "Do not deceive me, my dear father, I am prepared to die." "No; heaven forbid I should mislead you! Edward lives! you have seen him! he is in the house!"—At these words she fainted. Edward, who had come to the door to listen whether she was better, rushed in—She recovered—She was in his arms—Fain would my feeble pen disclose the affecting interview, but conscious of its inability, I will drop a curtain over the scene.

The body of the man who was shot being brought in, Edward knew it to be the footman of Randall! The mystery was now explained, and the infamous author of this transaction discovered. Rage and indignation deeply agitated the breast of the injured youth. Mr. Bolton observing his situation, and taking him by the hand, said, "Edward! this man has also injured me, deeply injured me; he is a villain of the blackest die; yet let us leave his punishment to heaven, which will no doubt arrest him in his vicious career, and overwhelm his guilty head with confusion." Edward, in some measure acquiesced, though he could not think of Randall's infamous conduct without horror.

Next morning one of the servants was missing; it was the same that Edward had met in the entry. He had been prevailed upon by Randall to become an assistant to a plan he had formed for carrying off Miss Bolton. Some of the villains concerned had entered her chamber through a window, to which they had affixed a ladder of ropes; and had her in their arms, carrying her to the place they entered at, when the noise Edward made in attempting to force the door, alarmed them, and they fled; one of them stumbling, gave an opportunity to the coachman to fire, and his aim was so sure that the man expired immediately; this proving to be Randall's servant, discovered the infamous author of the whole transaction.

Mary daily grew better, and a day was appointed for the solemnization of their nuptials, when Mr. Bolton received a let-

ter from a merchant of his acquaintance at New-York, informing him, that unless he repaired to that city immediately to assert his claim, some property he possessed there would be sold to satisfy the creditors of his tenant, who had become bankrupt. As he could not with satisfaction leave his daughter in her present convalescent state, he requested Edward to be his agent in the business. This commission he received cheerfully, as he was glad of an opportunity of manifesting his gratitude, and the next morning, after taking a tender leave of Mary, set out on horseback, accompanied by William.

[To be Continued.]

ON THE SUPERSTITIOUS NOTION OF DOGS BEING THE PROGNOSTICATORS OF SICKNESS OR DEATH.

It is a received opinion among a number of people, that the howling of a Dog is indicative of death to some person in the family to whom it belongs, or to some one in the neighbourhood.—This superstitious notion seems to have spread far and wide, and many are as firmly established in the belief of it, as they are in their religion. Whatever has a tendency to explain this phenomenon, and remove that superstition from the mind, is certainly worthy of attention.—The following observations, published in England not long ago, afford, perhaps, the most satisfactory solution of any thing that has yet appeared.

"PAYING (says the writer) a visit the other day, to an old lady of my acquaintance, whilst we were in the midst of an elegant supper, a mastiff, that is the security of a neighbouring carpenter's yard, interrupted our regale with a most hideous, frightful howling. The old gentlewoman stopped short, with abundance of gravity laid down her knife and fork, and turned as pale as her handkerchief. Surprised, and thinking some sudden disorder had attacked her, I hastened to her assistance, and began to chafe her temples, and feel her pulse; while she seemed to regard me only with dying looks;—all trembling and cold, she reclined her head upon my shoulder, and only answered to my repeated enquiries after her health, with,—*Alas! oh!—Good God, how unfortunate I am!—That cursed dog!—I wish he had been shot a year ago!—My poor husband had just the same warning!—&c.* Finding she began to express herself with some strength, I signified my desire to be acquainted with what connexion there was between her sudden indisposition and the dog. When she informed me, that his howling was a certain sign of somebody's dying in the neighbour-

hood, and she was sure it was herself, from a dream she had that day three weeks, which she also recited to me, and gave me, without my being able to put in one word, a long narration of the several times of his howling, for some years, and the great mortality that followed thereupon in her vicinity. It was in vain, I found, to attack this favourite superstition of her's, which had been rivetted, by so many examples, into her imagination; and therefore, after staying till she was put to bed, with all the symptoms of an approaching fever, I took my leave.

Arrived at home, I began to muse upon this nonsensical notion, which has, it seems, distracted the brains of abundance of silly people, and by the very apprehension of death, may possibly put an end to the life of my good old she-acquaintance.

The howling that these persons take notice of, I find, upon enquiry, must be accompanied with the following circumstances to make it a prognostic:—It must be late at night, or very early in the morning, when the creatures may be supposed to be more inclined to rest, than to disturb their masters with such noisy salutations. Their cry must be hollow, long continued, and ending in a faintish kind of cadence: In short, not like the common cry of dogs, but as if some extraordinary emotion compelled them to it.

My reveries carried me, at length, to an admiration of the sagacity of animals, which manifests itself on so many occasions, and of which we have, from history, and experience, such well warranted stories. I could not help entertaining a thought, that dogs may find themselves really disturbed, and somewhat altered, when the atmosphere about them is in the least degree tainted. Diseased and morbid persons, let their case be what it will, alter the particular air they breathe in, which the fine-scent of a dog may immediately discover; for they, no doubt, enjoy the faculty of smelling, in an almost infinitely greater degree than human creatures. It is the scent by which they find their homes or masters, when lost; and by their posture when running by themselves, you may discern they trace their way by it. They are so habituated to the well known effluvia of the persons they belong to, that when the owner stops, though he is mixed with an hundred other people, the dog losing the particular savour he is used to, stops short, yet without turning about to look.—Let the owner approach nearer, the cur will resume his old pace, though his eyes were never employed to discover his want. This would almost indicate,

that we are of as great a variety of smells, as we are of features and complexions. Blood-hounds, and all sorts of game-dogs, are too well known for their excellent noses to need illustration. Why then may not we suppose, that on a person's being disordered, and in bad health, tho' perhaps he has not yet discovered it himself, he may have tainted the circumjacent air, sufficiently to disturb and annoy the delicate organs of smell of a neighbouring dog, which may occasion uneasy sensations in the brute, and those complaints he is wont to make by such expressive howling. Therefore it may be a portent, perhaps, of sickness to somebody about him; his continuing to howl, and his howling more, of the increase of the disease; and though I cannot find how he is the prognosticator of death, yet when he howls almost continually, somebody must be bad indeed.

A dog of the pointing kind, that I brought from Charlestown, in South Carolina, to Edinburgh, in June last, where he died, was by his scent a remarkable prognosticator of bad weather: Whenever I observed him prick up his ears in a listening posture, scratching the deck, and rearing himself up, to look over to the windward, where he would eagerly snuff up the wind, though it was the finest weather imaginable, I was sure of a succeeding tempest; and he growling so useful to us, that whenever we perceived the fit upon him, we immediately reefed our sails, and took in our spare canvass to prepare for the worst. Other animals are prognosticators of weather too. I never was in a storm at sea, but it was foretold by some natural philosophers on board, many hours before the gale. Cats and pigs, for instance, no doubt, perceiving the alteration in the atmosphere, by some particular effect it has on their bodies, will run about like wild things. Puss will dance up and down the shrouds, gnaw the ropes, and divert herself with every thread that stirs. The pigs will sport fore and aft, race about, bite one another, and commence perfect posture-masters. Poultry on ship-board, also, before the approach of windy weather, I have observed to be greatly disturbed, beat their wings about their coops, and droop prodigiously, making a low, mournful kind of cackling.

More need not be said on the probability of dogs being able to foretell approaching sickness and disease by their exquisite scent. I very much condemn the weakness of those people, who imagine, that a dog is made the messenger of fate to them: that notion is as ridiculous and absurd as any thing can possibly be; and let me inform our antiquated-soothsaying sages of both

sexes, that, according to my hypothesis, any other uncommon disagreeable effluvia, beside a disordered human body, may occasion these uneasy, dreaded cries from the disturbed animal.

'Tis impious and profane to the highest degree, to suppose that the all-wise Creator supernaturally inspires every vile creature to give signs and tokens to the human race, and that too only to a few individuals, in no respects raised above the rest of the species, and when it can answer no wise end or purpose. These, and an hundred other fooleries, I am sensible, with some persons, are the indubitable and principal proofs of the existence of a Divine Being. I pity them much—that they are not capable of gathering enough from the all-wise and beautiful creation from reason and philosophy, aided by the sacred evidences of the holy scriptures, to prove that existence; without having recourse to such idle and groundless fancies, and musty tales and fables, which indeed have received too much credit in all ages.

Since I made these reflections, I recollect a story, that now no longer surprises me. A gentleman, late in Turkey, has a fine pointer that he very greatly values, and is a constant attendant on him. Stepping into a public assembly three years ago with this gentleman, we paid our compliments to a certain Baronet, who has received so many wounds in the cause of that his whole carcass is a corrupted mass of distempers. Hector immediately made up to the same corner of the assembly, and for two or three moments with great briskness snuffed about this hero's garments, and then with a mortified look, taking to or three traverses round the room, he hung his ears, and with his tail between his legs, fairly scampered down stairs, notwithstanding the repeated calls we made after him. As I always regarded the actions of this beast as somewhat above common instinct, this immediately struck me, and I ran down after him, where I found him drinking out of a gutter that ran from a pump before the door; that finished, he rolled himself in the dust two or three times, gave some yelps, and quietly laid himself down before the threshold to wait our coming out; nor could all my entreaties or menaces get him in again.

Dogs of all kinds are sensible when they encounter such wretched objects; nay, within these few days, I observed more than ordinarily their actions in the street, and found they have made a large circuit to avoid some persons, who have looked pallid and emaciated, whilst they have passed close by those of sanguine, healthy phyzes.

The Commentator, No. 18.

HONOUR's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection:
That aids and strengthens Virtue where it
meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.

ADDISON'S CATO.

GENUINE honour and false honour are as widely different as the two extremes of truth and falshood. The misanthrope, who hates mankind for their treatment of himself, and acknowledges, with reluctance, their virtues, when he meets with them, must feel a gratification at the banishment of real honour from men in general, and at the regard with which the imposter, *mock honour*, is treated by the multitude. Whatever sensations it may cause in the breast of the man, whom disappointment has converted into a hater of his species, to the philanthropist, who is jealous of the honour and dignity of human nature, it must prove a source of unaffected regret. To find that among the generality of mankind it is no longer considered an honour to enjoy the approbation of the virtuous, to be esteemed pious and religious, or as sensible to the distresses attendant on misfortune, will doubtless give rise to sensations of sorrow, and to a train of melancholy ideas at the deplorable situation of society. It also naturally excites sentiments of surprise, mortification, and resentment, at the credulity of those who look up with admiration to the man who would expose his own life, the precious gift of his Maker, and endeavour to deprive his fellow, perhaps his friend, of existence, merely on account of expressions, on which the despot, *custom*, has stamped the epithet of disgraceful. Life was entrusted to us, to use it for our own future advantage, and for the honour of our Creator, but not to risk its loss, except on the purest motives. The modern man of honour thinks it no disgrace to be considered with disrespect by the good, to be deemed by them, a profligate, an infidel, or a person who would consider no commandment binding that impedes his pursuit after imaginary happiness—No; for such is the taste of the age, that characters like this are rather looked upon as models for the conduct of others, than as beacons to warn them to shun the fatal path. But a word spoken in jest, the effusions of temporary passion, or an attempt to convince him that he has asserted things which are different from what he represented them, is an indelible stigma upon his character, unless his hands are im-

brued with the vital blood of the offender. The laws of humanity would certainly abolish practices so contrary to the principles of Christianity; but the tyrannical laws of custom possess greater influence over the imbecility of human nature, and generally predominate. However strongly the knowledge of the true principles of rectitude, impressed upon the minds of those who have sagacity enough to perceive the absurdity and criminality of duelling, may operate, yet the insurmountable dread of encountering the scorn and ridicule of the world, is too powerful; and every trace of that noble fortitude which would teach them to condemn the vain opinion of the senseless votaries of fashion, yields to its superior influence.

I have been led into reflections similar to the present, by receiving intelligence of the death of one who had been my intimate friend, and who, in another part of the world, was sacrificed a reluctant victim at the altar of the sanguinary divinity, false honour. PHILARIO was a *favour'd son of nature*; but he experienced the frowns of the fickle goddess, fortune. His company was sought with avidity, and his friendship cultivated with pleasure, by all who knew him. To an excellent heart, unencumbered with prejudice, uninfluenced by superstition, he added urbanity of manners, and brilliant qualifications. He was sensible and humane, generous and brave; early in life his good sense discovered to him the necessity of the reduction of his passions to the government of reason, and perseverance effected it. But unfortunately for Philario, at the commencement of the revolution, which separated us from Great Britain, his father was a considerable merchant, resident at Boston, and being intimately connected, through the medium of his commercial affairs, with Britain, at the evacuation of the capital of New England by the British, he sailed for England. The father of Philario was zealous in the cause of Britain. He considered these states as perverse disobedient children, refusing to pay the duty they owed to their protecting and indulgent parent, and he wished to see them obliged to acknowledge their error with penitence and assurances of their future fidelity and obedience. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that Philario imbibed some of those prejudices, which were conspicuous in his parent. At the death of his father, which occurred a few years since, Philario found the affairs of the former in a very embarrassed situation; his own concerns were in a prosperous state, but he had not yet realized any considera-

ble fortune; and as his strong sense of rectitude would not admit that any person should sustain a loss through so intimate a connection of his own, he assumed all his father's debts. Upon an investigation of their amount, it was found that his whole property would only discharge them, with the exception of a small sum. With this he purchased a commission in the army, was drafted abroad, and stationed in garrison at Gibraltar. Here the fatal accident occurred, which deprived society of one whose virtues were ornamental to human nature, and were seldom exceeded. In conversation with a brother officer, a dispute arose, and his friend, in an unguarded moment, gave him the lie. Philario was inexpressibly grieved at the necessity he was under of exposing his life in what he knew was an unrighteous cause; and the officer who insulted him was equally unhappy, as custom prevented him from apologizing, without being disgraced for ever. The insult was an irreparable attack upon the character of my friend as a soldier, and the rigid laws of military honour demanded that Philario should claim satisfaction for the affront, especially as there were several others in company when it was received. With reluctance Philario complied with a custom which his principles of rectitude taught him to abhor;—a challenge was given, and accepted.—They met—and Philario fell. His opponent escaped unhurt,—but he had been his friend, and considering himself as the sole cause of his death, in a fit of desperation he shot himself.—Reader! who lookest upon the fate of Philario with an eye of perfect composure, pity, but do not condemn him. Consider him as a helpless victim to those sanguinary rules which revenge established, and to which the pride of man has given permanence. Condemn the barbarous custom by which he fell, and hold it up to universal detestation; but reflect upon the weakness and fallibility of thy nature, and thou wilt not consider him as a self-devoted criminal, nor as the victim of his own false pride.

J.

ANECDOTE.

MOREL was busily employed in translating Labinius, when he was informed that his wife being very ill, desired to speak with him. I have, said he, two periods of the chapter to translate, after which I will call and see her. A second message came, she was dying. I have only two words to write, said Morel, I will be there directly. A third announced, she is dead—I am sorry for it, said Morel, and finished his translation.

ALBERT:

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

Goe, little Booke! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent;
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of me,
And I will send more after thee.

SLOW and pensively the youthful ALBERT, and his companion Jaques, pursued the almost trackless path through the woods. Albert meditated on the strange words which had impelled him from his peaceful home—a home, at which, till this eventful day, he had enjoyed a profound happiness, unembittered by the frowns of haughty power, or corroding care. “You are (said Maturino) of noble family, but of what I know not—I have hitherto forbore to inform you of your history, because I saw you were happy and contented in your present state; but it is evident you were not born for this station; go then, and acquire, by your noble deeds, that name, which I fear you have been unjustly deprived of.—It is now eighteen years since I first beheld you—I was sitting at my door about twilight—A young knight on a foaming courser rode up—“Have you the benevolence to succour one, who otherwise must perish?” cried he hastily—“You wrong me by the question,” answered I; “Nay, (returned he) I might have read an answer in thy countenance—But I have no time to spare—take this infant—were it known that I have disposed of him in this manner, my life would be the forfeit.—His parents, though noble, cannot now protect him—at a future day, they may, perhaps, be enabled to do it—his name is Albert;—this is his mother’s ring, and that the sword of his father—they were the only memorials I was able to procure,—they may one day lead him to a discovery of his parents.” He then gave you into my arms, a smiling babe of about two years old, and at the same time this sword, which you so oft have admired. Here (continued Maturino) is the ring and the sword; and may they answer the purposes for which I have received them.”

The heart of young Albert leaped with joy and pride at being entrusted with a charge so consonant to what he had long sighed for. “Now, my good father, for so I must still call you, (said he,) I will no longer be a burden to you: I will depart in search of my unhappy parents, nor will I know rest or pleasure till I discover them.

On the succeeding day he had mentioned to his juvenile companions his intention of leaving them. Immediately a youth stepped forward, and desired that he might

accompany him as his page. He had lately come to the village; no one knew any thing concerning him, save that he was very humble and industrious; willing to be employed at any thing for his bread. He had been questioned as to his story, but he always had evinced such painful sensations that the neighbours had restrained their curiosity. Having a handsome person, and being an excellent musical performer, he was every where welcome, especially to that “light and giddy part of creation,” ’yclep’d the fair sex! yet he was unhappy and despondent—often he was seen

—with fond delight to lay,
Hard by some shady, purling stream;
And sing, in plaintive strain, from earliest day,
To milder evening’s more congenial gleam.

He might have exclaimed with the poet,—
From haunts of men, with wand’ring steps & slow,
I solitary steal, and sooth my pensive wee.

So desirable a companion as Jaques, (for that was the name he had announced himself by, and indeed this was all the information that had been obtained from him,) was eagerly accepted by Albert.

We now find him, accompanied by Jaques, endeavouring to find his way thro’ a thick and dark wood. Their attention, however, was soon directed to another object; they were roused by the clashing of arms, and the shrieks of a female. “Now Heaven I thank thee, (exclaimed Albert, as he directed his steps to the place from whence the noise seemed to have proceeded,) “thou hast given me an opportunity of signalizing myself; nor will I let it escape me.” Upon arriving at the spot to which he had been attracted, he found a cavalier defending the entrance to a carriage with great intrepidity. He was astonished at seeing Jaques, whose warmer passions seemed to have been dormant, attack the robbers with great alacrity and spirit.—Albert saw a sword pending over the neck of the stranger; without the least hesitation, he flew to his succour, and received the weapon of the ruffian in his own breast. The wound was not so deep as to disable him from exertion—he seconded his companions with so great bravery, that the robbers, (of which there were nine,) were totally discomfited, and obliged to retire. “How shall I thank you, brave knight, (said the stranger, addressing Albert,) for this unexpected succour. You have preserved not only my life, but her’s on whom it depends—My poor Julia, I fear this shock has been too great for her. But a time—” He was proceeding to make his acknowledgements, when Albert interrupted him, saying, that it was no more,

than a duty incumbent on every one, “But (said he) let us leave this place; those of the robbers, who have escaped, will return with increased force.” Accordingly the stranger advanced to the carriage. Albert at the same time endeavoured to mount his horse, but he had been so much weakened by the blood which had issued from his wound, that he fell backwards. The stranger immediately ran to his assistance, and with the aid of Jaques he was conveyed to the carriage. Here, when Albert first opened his eyes, he was struck with the beauty of the lady before him. He had never before seen any female, except the rustic maidens of the village. She was indeed an object worthy of admiration, for she was

All that Painters could express,
Or youthful Poets fancy when they love.

The stranger, after some conversation, having hinted a wish to learn to whom he was indebted, was informed by Albert, that

Alike to fortune and to fame unknown,

he had determined to travel in hopes of attaining the former, though he had despaired of the latter. “For this purpose (continued he) I determined to bend my way to the court of our prince, Tancred; he, I learn, is besieged by Count Louis; I confess I had another more powerful reason for going there: the siege, I knew, would attract many knights from all parts, and—” “Alas! (returned the stranger,) where now are all those gallant men! In me (continued he) you behold the unfortunate Tancred.—Last night I had given a carouse to the knights who were so good as to relinquish their peaceful homes, for the turbulent joys of a camp: suddenly some of the guards rushed in, crying out, *that the enemy had by some stratagem gained an entrance into the city!*—We immediately ran out, but it was too late;—the enemy had obtained complete possession. It was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to effect my escape with my daughter.

“We are now on our way to solicit the aid of our old friend and ally, De Salmaria—and as you seem indifferent whither you go, I shall be proud of having you for a companion.” Albert accepted the invitation with joy—for he already felt unwilling to leave the place where Julia was.

We will now leave them journeying to Salmaria, Albert

—drinking the sweet poison of love,

from the eyes of the charming Julia, and endeavour to retrace the cause of the quarrel between Tancred and Louis.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM
Bartolomeo's Voyage to India.

[FR A PAOLINO DA SAN BARTOLOMEO, a monk of the Carmelite order, sailed to India from l'Orient, in 1776, where he remained 13 years, viz. till 1789. His account of the manners, customs, &c. of the natives of India, particularly those of the coast of Malabar, is, perhaps, the best that has been published. The original work appeared at Rome in 1796: a German edition was published in 1798, at Berlin; and the first English edition, translated by William Johnson, at London, in 1800. Bartolomeo was seven years professor of the Oriental languages in the Propaganda at Rome, before he went to India; and during his residence there, acquired a thorough knowledge of the Tamulic or common Malabar language. Since his return, he has published a grammar of the Sanscrit language, one of the most difficult of the Orientals. As the above interesting work is not known in this country, it is proposed to give pretty copious extracts from it, leaving out only those parts that appear most uninteresting to the generality of readers. The curious and enquiring, however, would be highly gratified by a perusal of the whole.]

THE ship l'Aimable Nannette, commanded by captain Berteaud, in which I sailed from l'Orient, arrived in the road of *Puduceri** on the 25th of July, 1776, after a tedious passage of six months and as many days. Our patience was, therefore almost exhausted; and we longed not a little to set our feet once more upon dry ground. We directed our anxious looks towards the shore over the blue waves, and flattered ourselves with the hopes of reaching it that evening: but, as the duration of the twilight is exceedingly short in India, night suddenly overtook us, disappointed the accomplishment of our wishes, and spread her dusky veil over both sea and land.

The coast of *Ciölamandala*, which the Europeans very improperly call *Coromandel*, has at a distance the appearance of a green theatre. The sea-shore is covered with white sand; and a multitude of beautiful shells are here and there to be seen. This country is intersected by a great many rivers and streams, which flowing down from the high ridge of mountains on the west, called the *Gauts*, pursue their course towards the east, and discharge themselves into the sea; some with impetuosity and noise, others with gentleness and silence. In the months of October and November, when the rainy season commences, these streams are swelled up in an extraordinary degree, and sweep from the mountains a multitude of serpents, which, to the no small terror of the unexperienced traveller, they carry a great way out with them

* *Pondichery*.—The author has corrected the orthography of the different places he visited; which his knowledge of the Indian dialects enabled him to do with accuracy. It must be remembered, however, that as he wrote in Italian, his *c* before *e* and *i* must be pronounced, *ceb*, &c.

into the sea. This, in all probability, has given rise to the fabulous tales of sea-monsters, which some pretend to have seen in the Indian ocean. The land here is covered, to a considerable distance, with trees of all kinds, and particularly that called by the Europeans the real Indian palm, or the cocoa-nut tree. The Indians give it the name of *tenga*, and make use of it for planting neat gardens, with which not only the coast of Malabar, but a great part of that of *Ciölamandala* also is, in a manner overspread. Various hamlets and villages are interspersed between these gardens, and the whole surrounding country delights the eye with never-fading verdure.

During my travels thro' India, I found the climate every where mild and healthful; and in no place did I hear complaints of bad weather. The Indians generally sleep with their doors and windows open, except when there is any appearance of the *Caracatta*, which is a certain kind of wind that blows from the quarter of *Gauts*. This chain of mountains begins at Cape *Comari*,* in the eighth degree of north latitude, and extends thence towards the north; so that it almost intersects India in the middle. The eastern part is called *Ciölamandala*, that is, the land of millet;† the western *Malayala*, or the land of mountains. The latter is called by the Arabians and Europeans Malabar, or the Malabar coast. The *Gauts*, the highest ridge of mountains in this country, occasion that difference in the weather, and that remarkable change of seasons which take place on both these coasts. This is one of the most singular phenomena of nature ever yet observed. On the coast of *Ciölamandala* the summer begins in June; but on the coasts of Malabar, it does not commence till October. During the latter month it is winter on the coast of *Ciölamandala*, whereas on the coast of Malabar it begins so early as the 15th of June. The one season therefore always commences on the east coast at the time when it ends on the western. When winter prevails on the coast of Malabar; when the mountains and valleys are shaken by tremendous claps of thunder, and awful lightning traverses the heaven in every direction, the sky is pure and serene on the coast of *Ciölamandala*: ships pursue their peaceful course; the inhabitants get in their rice harvest, and carry on trade with the various foreigners, who in abundance frequent their shores. But when the wet season commences; when these districts are exposed for three whole months to storms and continual rains, hurricanes


* *Comorin*,—the southern extremity of India.

† A kind of grain.

and inundations, the coast of Malabar opens its ports to the navigator; secures to its inhabitants the advantages of trade, labour and enjoyment; and from the end of October to the end of June presents a favourable sky, the serene aspect of which is never deformed by a single cloud.

On the 26th of June I left the ship, about noon, and, in company with M. Berteaud the captain, went on board a small Indian vessel, of that kind called by the inhabitants *shilanga*. As it is exceedingly dangerous and difficult to land at *Puduceri* and *Madraspatnam*, these *shilangas* are built with a high deck, to prevent the waves of the sea from entering them. This mode of construction is, however, attended with one inconvenience, which is, that the waves beat with more impetuosity against the sides; raise the *shilanga* sometimes towards the heavens; again precipitate it into a yawning gulph, and at length, drive it on shore with the utmost violence. In such cases the vessel would be entirely dashed to pieces, if the *Mucoas*, or fishermen, who direct it, did not throw themselves into the sea, force it back by exerting their whole strength, and in this manner lessen the impetuosity of the surf. I was greatly alarmed before I reached the shore; and was so completely drenched by the waves, that the water ran down my back.

When I approached the city, I was exactly in the same state as if I had entered a furnace; for the sun had rendered the sand, with which the sun is covered, almost red hot. The reflection of his rays caused an insufferable smarting in my eyes, and my feet seemed as if on fire.....I repaired to the French missionaries, belonging to the so called *Missions étrangères*, who resided in the Pagan quarter of the city. Here I found the procurators of this establishment, Messrs. Jallabert and Mounthon, by whom I was received with mark of kindness and attention.....*Puduceri*, in my time, was a large and very beautiful city. The governor, (M. Law de Lauriston,) resided in an elegant palace. It was not uncommon to see a hundred covers on this gentleman's table; and I once had the honour, together with M. Jallabert, of being invited to one of his entertainments. The city, towards the north and south, is defended by excellent fortifications, constructed in the year 1769, under the direction of M. Bourcet.....In the southern part, some of the houses, inhabited by the Europeans, are exceedingly large and beautiful, and are ornamented with projecting galleries, balustrades, columns and porticoes. The European quarter is entirely separated from

 The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed that their 10th payment will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I have taken the liberty of sending you a versification of an elegant ADDRESS TO THE SUN, by OSSIAN, it is the concluding paragraph of his Poem "CARTHON." I have attended as much as possible, to the style of the original, which I also enclose; you will, thereby, be enabled to judge, whether you can oblige me by giving it a place in your paper, or not. I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient, &c.

ABEL RILAHMAN.

July 26, 1801.

[The original and versification are both inserted, that the reader may have an opportunity of judging for himself of the merits of the latter.]

THE ADDRESS.

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky: the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven: but thou art for ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests: when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to OSSIAN thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

THE VERSIFICATION.

O THOU! who rollest in yon azure field, Round as my brave forefather's ample shield; Whence are thy beams, which meet th' enraptur'd sight; O Sun! whence flows thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth with awful beauty crown'd; The glittering stars, hide in the azure ground; The cold, pale moon, sinks in the western main; But thou alone still hold'st thy splendid Who can pierce thro' the clouds, and with thee rise? Who move with thee along the solar skies? The huge oaks fall, which ev'ry mountain bears; And e'en the mounts themselves decay with

The stormy ocean shrinks, and grows again; The moon herself forsakes the starry plain: But thou for ever dost the same remain, Rejoicing in the glories of thy reign.

When tempests wrap in gloomy shades, the poles, When lightning flies, and awful thunder Amidst the clouds we see thee, glorious form, Break thro' the gloom, and smile amidst the But ah! to OSSIAN, Sun, thou look'st in vain,

For he beholds no more thy beaming reign; Whether thy beams, streak eastern clouds with light;

Or if thou tremblest at the gates of night. But thou, like me, perhaps, art for a time; Thy years will end, nor see again their prime.

Thou shalt in clouds repose, ne'er more to rise,

Nor hear the voice of morn; nor light the O Sun, exult then, in thy youthful bloom! For age is dark, and cover'd o'er with gloom; 'Tis like the pale moon's faint and glimmering light,

When broken clouds obscure the vaults of And mists upon the gloomy mountains reign, And northern blasts howl o'er the dreary The trav'ler 'midst his journey shrinks in pain.

ABEL RILAHMAN.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE TAYLOR AND THE ELEPHANT.

A TALE.

Friendship, alas! what is it but a spark, An ignis fatuus twinkling in the dark; A friend's an empty title, 'tis just able To live as long's you keep a plenteous table. *Changling* can be a friend, not *idem semper*,* But just as long as he can keep his temper: Whilst you can lend him money on demand, Be surety and support him on your hand; When you are friendly, generous, good and kind,

To all your faults and failings he'll be blind; But should adversity, with wrinkled form, Raise hissing snakes portentous of a storm, Then should a trifle, a discordant word, Ruffle the passions of creation's lord; He who but *now* was gentle, tender-hearted, Stamps, raves, and lo! the tender friends are parted.

So sings my muse,—but lest the song should Be still a moment whilst I tell a tale.—

Once on a time, for so all tales commence, A taylor liv'd—a man of common sense, Who dealt good offices with lib'ral hand, Just like the brother-stitches of our land, Who are well known, men of approved morals; They hate mischief, and fly from brawls and

OUR taylor kept a shop which fac'd the street, In a fam'd city, still 'yclap'd SURAT, He was high fam'd, a workman most complete;

Cabbag'd but *now* and *then*—scraps—what Past his shop daily elephants were brought, To take their morning dram from mistress river;

* Always the same.

For there these creatures are in numbers (taught: They're useful, harmless, modest, wise and clever.

One morning as the bulky creatures past Along the street with solemn measur'd pace,

Our taylor fix'd his eyes on Ele's face, And kindly nodded, "whither friend so fast? Please to delay a bit, and take a small repast."

So said, a biscuit he produc'd, the beast Received with grateful eye, and mounch'd so neatly,

The taylor had of curious mirth a feast, And swore the creature us'd his trunk completely.

Thus close acquaintance grew, and ev'ry day Ele stopp'd kindly, and the taylor good, Bade him good morrow; not with straw or hay,

But apples sweet, or cakes—delicious food.

O happiness! not, not, alas! below, Can mortals hope, thee to possess secure; Our sweetest comforts are so mix'd with woe,

That oft the draught we scarcely can endure.

One morning as our taylor, plagu'd by conscience,

Sat on his board, demure and out of temper— Poor silly mortals are not bless'd with prescience;

No man can boast that he is *idem semper*,

Ele, as wont, came dodging slowly on, With trunk and eye respectful, bade good morrow;

But his endeavours no attention won; Conscience kept plaguing to the taylor's sorrow.

Again poor Ele tried his utmost skill, And thrust his wriggling trunk in th' taylor's pocket;

But conscience had drawn out so long a That every feeling avenue was locked.

At last enrag'd with passion, heated, drunk, Snip push'd his needle in poor Ele's trunk.

The elephant was hurt you may be sure; Quick he withdrew his trunk and trodg'd away;

Quoth he, this smart I'm able to endure; But, mister taylor, each dog has his day.

Returning from a nasty, stinking puddle, He drew of water up, a large half barrel,

Quoth he, with this I'll wash the taylor's noddle,

That he may know again with whom he'll quarrel.

So having said, or thought, in sullen mood, He march'd along, till opposite his friend's;

The window, opportunely, open stood—"You prick'd my snout," said he, "I'll have amends!"

Then on the taylor pour'd a dirty flood, Who sprawling lay, half drown'd in stinking mud.

So have I seen the cow-boy's shelt'ring shed, By falling water-spout, rent from its base, And all the fields with sand and mud o'er-spread.

Whilst low'ring grief mark'd all the cow-boy's face.

J. C.